

Together in Winter

by wildgoose

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Summary: Daria while on winter break from college is stuck over Jane's during a blizzard

Together in Winter

Disclaimer: Daria and all related characters are the property of MTV
This story takes place after "Are You Cheating"

Together in Winter By Steve Mitchell

(It is a cold, cloudy, windy day late in December, About a week before Christmas. Daria is Driving home from her first semester of college in her F.O.R.D. escort. (You KNOW what ford stands for) As she drives along Down the interstate she can feel the small car being buffeted around by heavy winds.)

Daria: (on her cell phone talking with Jane) Thank god the heater still works in this thing. It's so cold out I think the wire in my bra was trying to freeze to my skin while I was walking to my car.

Jane: (Laughs) Sounds like a personal problem.

Daria: Don't laugh, That wire wasn't the only thing trying to stick on me. The choke on my car stuck shut and I Had to stand out in the wind freezing my cheeks together trying to wedge the choke open with a screw driver.

Jane: Your cheeks were trying to freeze together? Aren't human cheeks to far apart for that?

Daria: Not THAT pair.

Jane: Ugh...Sounds uncomfortable. Do you want a crow bar to pry them apart when you get home?

Daria: No, but if you like I can use it to make a nice sized dent in

your head.

Jane: Nah, That's okay. But it does give me an idea for a painting.

Daria: Everything gives you an Idea for a painting.

Jane: Not necessarily, I've never gotten any Ideas from Upchuck.

Daria: Upchuck never gave anyone ideas, just nightmares.

Jane: True enough.(beat) So when do you figure you'll be home?

Daria: Probably in about an hour. Why?

Jane: Well it just so happens that your night in shining armor has been pacing eagerly in anticipation of your arrival.

Daria: Trent's pacing? What for, I just spoke with him before I left Middleton.

Jane: Come on Daria, it's your second Christmas together. He want's to spend some quality time with you.

Daria: (sarcastic) Really Jane? And what's YOUR version of quality time between the two of us?

Jane: Oh... I have a few Ideas. Listen I've got to go, Call me when you get home. Later

Daria: Later. (Hangs up the phone)(Daria flips on the radio and "Epic" by Faith No More plays.)Eh..I guess that'll work.

(The song ends and the disk jockey comes on)

Disk jockey: Ok people, before we cut to our next song I've been asked to remind everyone that the National Weather Service has posted a winter storm warning in leu of that Noreaster that's expected to arrive sometime tonight. We can expect heavy winds gusting to near hurricane force at times, snow heavy at times mixing with freezing rain before midnight when the temperature is expected to take a nose dive changing it to all snow. Significant accumulations of both ice and snow are expected. Everyone is encouraged to stay off the roads tonight. Alright that's enough talking. I've got a request here from a Trent Lane in Lawndale. He says everybody needs someone. Come home soon Daria. Here's "November Rain" from Guns and Roses. (The song begins to play)

Daria:(Smiles) Now that's a first.

(Cut to Morgendorffer home base)

Daria: (As she exits her car she looks the house over while gusts of wind cause her unbuttoned ankle length duster to flap in the wind behind her) (Breath turning to steam in the cold) Now why is it that I'm both happy and Nauseous to be home again?

(The front door opens and Quinn peers out while still wearing the

same old stupid outfit)

Quinn: Mom, Daria's home.

Daria: (shakes her head) Well...That accounts for the nausea. (She proceeds up the walk to the front door) Hey Quinn, How are they hanging?

Quinn:(confused) How's WHAT hanging?

Daria: Never mind. It went over your head.

Quinn: Mom, Daria's playing mind games again. (Daria just rolls her eye's and walks past Quinn into the house.)

(Helen comes out from the kitchen)

Helen: Hello sweetie, it's good to see you again. (Steps back to get a look at her) My you've grown a little since September.

Daria: Mm..Yea, I guess. (Looks around) Where's Dad?

Helen: Your father's out doing a little last minute shopping. You know how HE is.

(Daria pictures Jake doing his last minute holiday shopping.)

Jake: God dammit, You can't even find a parking space within a mile of this place!! (Blares his horn) HEY! I was trying to get in there.

(Daria cuts back to reality)

Daria: Yup, good old dad. It's amazing he hasn't had a coronary yet.

(Daria walks to the closet and hangs her duster up. Then Helen and Daria move into the living room and sit down in chairs opposite each other.)

Helen: You want anything to drink? I know, tea right.

Daria: (smirks)You remembered.

(Helen gets up to make tea for both of them and then returns.)

Daria; (looks around the living room) I see you've managed well. I noticed that the bars are gone from my window when I came in. (Sarcastically) I figured it wouldn't take long for you to redecorate. How long did you wait? Five, ten minutes after I left?

Helen: Give us SOME credit Daria, we're not THAT bad. We just did the bars and the padding. Nothing else has changed in there.

Daria: (frowns) Uh, huh. (Sips her tea) (thinks for a moment as she looks around the room) Something's amiss here mom. Are you alright?.

Helen: Oh don't mind me. It's just that the house seems a little empty without you and Quinn going at it all the time. I guess I just miss it a little bit.

Daria: About as much as you miss going at it with Rita and Amy eh mom?

Helen: (Frowns) Now Daria...

Daria: (Cuts Helen Off) That's okay mom, I'm sure Quinn and I can stir things up enough before I leave for school again.

Helen:(Sighs) I guess. (Beat) So how are you and Trent?

Daria: (To herself) And so the plot thickens. (Out loud) Okay I guess. Why?

Helen: I don't know. It just seems that you two have hit it off pretty well over the past year and I was just wondering if you two had ever discussed...(Daria cuts her off)

Daria: For god's sake mom, It's only been a year and a half. You know I'm not ready for anything like that. (beat) and Don't even touch on the kids issue. I didn't even like kids when I was a kid.

Helen: It's a completely different story when the kids in question are your own Daria.. You'll see.

Daria: (gets up) Yea, Yea....You just can't wait to get revenge on us by spoiling your grandchildren rotten, loading them up with sugar, and sending them home to us to bounce off the walls. (Beat) I'm going upstairs to check out my old sanctuary. (Daria heads up the stairs)

Helen: (To herself) Your right, I CAN'T wait. (smiles evilly)

(Daria enters her own room To see that other than the padding and the bars on the window the room does in fact remain intact. Posters and all.)

Daria: I'll be damned. (Looks around the room) It's a little cleaner but other than that...(Goes to the closet and opens it.) Lets see...old clothes that don't fit any more. (Spies her old Jacket and skirt and holds it up to herself) Oh my god, The thing looks like a mini skirt on me now. Damned growth spurts. (Thinks for a moment then goes and locks the room to the door)(Daria squeezes into her old outfit and walks to the closet to look around some more.) Whoa, this brings back memories. (Walks over to the mirror) Oh my god, this outfit HAS gotten tight on me. (Daria gets changed back into her current wardrobe Of black jeans, a tan turtle neck, and of coarse what wardrobe of hers would be complete without steel toed Dock Martins) (Daria walks over to the phone and begins to dial. After ringing for a few minutes Trent picks up)

Trent:(Sleepily) Hello?

Daria: Hey Trent, You didn't drop your guitar trying to answer the phone so quickly did you?

Trent: (chuckles) Now would I do a thing like that? (Doesn't wait for a response) Don't answer that!

Daria: (smiles) You know me well. Listen, A little bird with a bowl haircut and black shorts took the time to inform me that you've been longing for my presence.

Trent: A Janie bird huh. Pushy little pests aren't they? I Guess that means I'll have to get the skeet gun out.

Daria: (smirks) I heard your little dedication on the radio.

Trent: (confused) But Daria I... (Jane punches him) Ow!!

Daria: What??

Trent: I uh...Didn't get a chance to hear it played. Guess I fell asleep. Listen can you come over? It's been a long while since I've seen you and I kind of wanted to hold you for a bit. (A minute of silence follows as Daria blushes heavily) Daria... You still there?

Daria: (Snaps out of it) Um yea, I'm still here Trent. I'll be right over. Later (Hangs up the phone and Then goes downstairs) Mom, I'm heading over Jane's for a while.

Helen: But Daria, You Just got here. I was going to make dinner.

Daria: I'll be back in time for dinner. Wait a minute.. (Pinches her sinuses) Mom, PLEASE tell me your off the lasagna thing.

Helen: No, I'm not making lasagna tonight. (Thoughtfully) Daria...I thought that was your favorite.

Daria: What in the name of god made you think that? (Remembers eating the stuff night after night almost sparking a fit of nausea)

Helen: I don't know, I never heard you complain about it.

Daria: (to herself) Not to your face anyway.

Helen: I just assumed you liked it.

Daria: (Realization strikes) Wait, You mean if I had said something, ANYTHING, you would have stopped making that crap?

Helen: Sure. If I knew you didn't like it. (Confused) Daria what are you doing?

Daria: (Beating her head against the wall) Torturing myself for all those years of unnecessary lasagna dinners. I thought you just didn't have the time to make anything else. (She stops and moves to grab her jacket before she heads for the front door) I'll be over Jane's. Just give me a call when dinners ready and I'll come running. (Daria get's in her car and leaves)

(Cut to Jane's house)

Jane: (answers the door wearing blue jeans and a Pink Floyd t-shirt) My look who's all grown up. I See you have a new overcoat.(looks her outfit over) Hmm.. It's the Same color as your old Jacket but at least it's ankle length.

Daria: Nice to see you to Jane. Can I come in or should I just stand out here in the freezing cold all day?

Jane: Hey, whatever floats your boat. (Daria walks in to see Jane's paintings are hanging all over the walls)

Daria: (as she looks around) You've turned your house into your own private museum. Jane, nice.

Jane: Glad you approve. No true artist can live without a constant reminder of her goals in life.

Daria: Or a critic as a friend.

Jane: You know me better than any human probably should. You know that right?

Daria: (Daria turns her head to notice the painting Jane had made of the twister that destroyed the Tank) Now THAT brings back memories. Come to think of it...I still have to imprint my boots on your posterior for that incident. (Motions for Jane to turn around)

Jane: (scolding) Now, now Daria we'll have none of that.

(Without warning a pair of hands appear from behind Daria and cover her eyes.)

Voice: Guess who?

Daria: Let me guess. Your obviously not Arnold Schwarzenegger, so you must be some tall thin dark haired chap whom I just so happen to be in love with. I'll go with Trent Lane.

Jane: Willingly that is.

Daria: (Turns around) Well what do you know, he's a keeper. (Hugs Trent and gives him a kiss)

Jane: (fakes the sniffles) Aww... it's A Kodak moment.

Daria: Jane, isn't there something you could be doing right now. Like sucking face with Jesse or something.

Jane: Not really, He hasn't gotten here yet. (The three of them walk into the living room and have a seat on the couch.)

Trent: So Daria, How was the drive down the interstate?

Jane: Yea Daria, Still need that crowbar?

Daria: (Glares at Jane then turns back to Trent) Could have been worse. The wind made it a little difficult to hold my lane but other than that....not to bad.

Trent: Cool.

Jane: Funny, you don't seem to be having any trouble holding your Lane now.

Trent: (chuckles) Good one Janie.

Daria: Mm..yea. (Attempting to change the subject) So Jane, you start art college in the spring right?

Jane: Yea, I even managed to get myself a pell grant. It cuts the cost to myself down considerably.

Daria: Leaving more money for pizza I take it.

Jane: Of coarse. You've got to have brain food.

(A knock is heard at the front door. Trent get's up to answer it.)

Trent: Hey Janie, Jesse is here. (they both walk into the living room where Jane Jumps up, wraps her legs around Jesse and gives him a big sloppy kiss.) Jeez, I'm feeling left out here.

Daria: Don't look at me. I'm not that limber. (Trent sits down next to her and strokes her hair for a minute)

Trent: It's cool, what do you feel comfortable with then?

Daria: Oh, I don't know. (She rests her head against his shoulder and gives him a good stiff hug.)

(Jesse and Jane manage to break the airtight seal between their lips and sit down next to each other on the couch opposite of Daria and Trent.)

Jesse: It's starting to snow out there already.

Jane: What? Your kidding. It wasn't supposed to start until tonight.

Daria: I guess Mother Nature got impatient.

Jane: Strange, wasn't it you Daria who said that Mother Nature had Alzheimer's and would probably forget to bring winter all together?

Daria: QUIET YOU FOOL...she'll hear you!

(a heavy gust of wind can be heard whistling through the tree's)

Jane: To late. Now she's probably pissed.

Daria: Wouldn't be the first time I pissed somebody off.

Jane: You know what else that means?

Daria: (deadpan) Oh please do tell me already, I'm jumping up and

down in my seat in anticipation of your next few words.

Jane: (Taking the stance of a super hero) IT MEANS... that a game of car tag is out for tonight.

Daria: (snaps her fingers) Rat's, and I was so looking forward to a good game of car tag. What will I ever do with my time now?

Jane: Well for starters..(she points to Trent and makes a few gestures)

Trent: (Blushing and Trying to change the subject at the same time) (Coughs) Hey Daria, Isn't that show you like on?

Daria: Probably. Why?

Jane: Don't you remember Daria? I told you on the phone last week. The Sick sad world Christmas special is on today. (Jane runs to the tv and turns it on)

tv announcer: Is Chris Cringle being a little to jolly with YOUR wife? Cheating Santa next on Sick Sad World.

Daria: Thanks Jane, I don't think I could have lived with myself if I'd missed this.

(The four of them spend the next few hours watching the SSW special. The sun has set a while ago, The snow has really started to come down and the winds are kicking.) (The phone rings and Jane get's up to answer it)

Jane: Connecticut State Police, Barracks 1657, Trooper Lewis speaking.

Helen: Hi Jane, Is Daria About?

Jane: (snaps her fingers and mutters "Damn") Hold on. (Yells into the living room) Daria, are you about?

Daria: Depends. Who want's to know?

Jane: It's your father's, brother's, uncle's, cousin's former roommate.

Daria: (walks into the kitchen) Give it here.(Takes the phone from Jane) Hi mom, Might I ask what the displeasure of this call is.

Helen: Hello Daria, I just wanted to let you know that diner didn't quite turn out as expected so there's no need to rush Home.

Daria: You let dad near the stove again didn't you?

Helen: Worse actually.

Daria: You let him near the OVEN? (Puts her hand to her forehead) Is the house still intact?

Helen: For the most part. (Yelling away from the phone) Jake for god's sake I told you to keep your arm under cold running water.

(Speaks into the phone. Jake can be heard yelling in pain in the background) Daria I've got to go. I'll talk to you Later. Bye (hangs up)

(Daria hangs up and heads back into the living room.)

Jane: So what did your mom want?

Daria: She just wanted to let me know that my dad almost blew the house sky high. Is it alright if I eat over here?

Jane: Mi casa es Su casa. Just be careful not to let the light turn on when you open the door to the fridge. I think Jack frost is still trying to catch some sleep in there.

Daria: Temperature control is on the fritz again huh?

Jane: Has been for the past year.

Daria: Oh goodie. (Walks to the fridge and opens it to see ice on everything) Hey Jane, I Think were going to need a jackhammer in here.

(A series of yells comes from the living room)

Trent: What the hell?

Jane: Aw, come on. They were just getting to the best part.

Jesse: Yea.

(Daria comes walking out from the kitchen to see nothing but snow on the tv)

Daria: Please tell me that's a weather report from the forecast channel .

Trent: Sorry love, Cables out.

Daria: Yup, That's good old mother nature for you.

(Jesse calls over from one of the front windows)

Jesse: Hey guys, come look at this. The ice is really piling up on the tree's.

(Everyone walks to the window)

Jane: Whoa, cool. Looks like the start of a new ice age. I'm getting my camera.

Daria: Great, and I'd already gone and given my snowshoes to goodwill.

(Jane runs to her room then comes back out with a Polaroid. Upon exiting the front door she slips on the Ice glazed walkway and falls on her side)

(The group begins to chuckle but quickly stops when they see Jane with a pale face and clutching her arm)

Daria: Uh oh. Jane are you okay? (Jane shakes her head no as she attempts to get up. Trent and Jesse move to assist her while almost slipping themselves and then walk her back inside to the couch)

Trent: Jane let me see your arm. (She winces when he attempts to move it)

Jesse: Do you think it's broken?

Trent: I don't know, I'm not a doctor. It Looks like it's starting to swell a little bit though.

Daria: Hold on, I'll see if I find something to use as a splint.
(Runs upstairs)

Jane: (Yells) There's probably a roll of gauze bandage in the bathroom medicine cabinet.

(Daria comes down the stairs ten minutes later with a few roles of gauze bandage and a few of Jane's large unused paintbrushes)

Daria: I found some stuff we can use. (Arranges the wooden paintbrushes above and below Jane's arm then wraps them up tightly in the bandage (Jane bites her lip in pain as Daria Tightens the bandage. She uses the rest of the bandage to make a sling for her friend) That'll have to do for now. I'll give my mom a call and see if she can give us a ride to the doctor. Her SUV is better suited for driving in this weather. (Daria picks up the phone and dials her home number. After a few rings Helen picks up.)

Helen: (usual high pitched greeting) Hello?

Daria: HI, mom. I need a favor from you.

Helen: Really, What's that sweet....(The phone goes dead)

Daria: Hello?...Hello?(Hangs up the phone) Dammit!

Trent: What's wrong?

Daria: The phone went dead.

Jane: (Groans in pain) Lovely, What else can go wrong?

(Brilliant flashes of blue light are seen through the front windows along with the sounds of an electrical explosion just before the house is plunged into darkness. Damn cheap transformers)

Daria: (looks at Jane and scolds) You just couldn't keep your mouth shut could you.

Jesse: Do you have any flashlights Trent? (Trips over the leg of the end table) Ow!!

Trent: (Listens to Jesse's voice and thinks for a moment) Jesse, Take two steps to the left. Then walk fifteen steps forward until you enter the kitchen. As soon as you walk through the door to the kitchen turn to your right. The junk drawer should be right there. I

pretty sure you should find a couple of flashlights.

(Jesse follows the directions slowly and five minutes later comes back with the flashlights)

Jesse: Found them.

Daria: (turns to Trent) You memorized the position of the furniture?

Trent: I Had to. Remember when I took a spill down the stairs and lost my sight for a few weeks.

Daria: Yea, but I figured the furniture had been moved since then.

Trent: We don't do a whole lot of decorating around here as far as furniture goes. I Guess it's a pretty good thing to.

Jane: Okay, so now what? (Jesse plops down on the couch next to her and bumps Jane's arm) Gahhh. (Quickly) Get off the arm, get off the arm. (Jesse moves)

Jesse: Sorry Jane. (Turns to Daria and Trent) So what now?

Daria: Well my cell phone is in the car.

Jane: No good, it's to damned slick out there to try and go get it.. Trust me.

Trent: Hmm.. I Guess we'll just have to chill for a while and wait until the roads are cleared. Jesse, can you get some ice and wrap it in a towel or something?

Jesse: What for?

Trent: I heard somewhere that ice is good to keep a swelling down. We can put it on Janie's arm.

Jesse: Cool. (Takes a flashlight and heads off to the kitchen)

Jane: Who'd have thought my brother would actually stay awake in a high school class long enough to learn something valuable.

Daria: Come on Jane. It's a week from Christmas, It's the time of miracles. (Jesse laughs)

Trent: Hey!!

(Cut to An hour later)

(Trent comes up from the basement holding a few logs and a fire starter log. Candles are burning on the coffee table for light)(Jane is seen taking some aspirin to kill the pain)

Jane: (now holding an Ice pack on her arm while lying on the couch) What the hell? Trent what are you doing.

Trent: Getting a fire going in the fire place.

Jane: We have wood in the basement?

Trent: Yea, mom called home a few days ago and asked me to put some in the basement. I guess she had a feeling about the weather.

Jane: Wait, mom called and you forgot to tell me?

Trent: No, you were off running. I OPTED not to track you down.

Jane: Trent, You know I haven't had a chance to talk to mom in weeks.

Trent: Get off it Janie, I can't go running all over the neighborhood to find you every time mom calls.

Daria: Guys, I hate to break up this absolutely fascinating conversation but could you just get the fire going. It's getting intolerably cold in here.

(After getting the fire going Trent walks to his room and comes back with his guitar)

Jesse: Your going to practice now?

Trent: No, I figured we could try to do something as a group to pass the time and then if all else fails I could try to come up with a new song.

Jesse: I guess that's cool.

Jane: (holding her arm tightly) So what something did you have in mind to break the monotony oh dearest of brothers.

Trent: I don't know. (Looks over at Daria) Any ideas Daria?

Daria: Well, somehow I don't think the I'm going to the picnic alphabet game would work here.

Jane: How about Truth or Dare?

Daria: I don't think your in any shape to take a dare Jane.

Jane: So give me a small dare. Preferably one that doesn't require much movement.

Daria: (looks at the others) (sighs) I guess.

Jesse: Cool. (They all gather around the fire)

Trent: So who goes first? (Everybody points to Trent) I should have known. Um...(looks back and forth between the three.) Jesse, Truth or Dare?

Jesse: Uh..Truth I guess.

Trent: (try's to think of a question) Have you ever cheated on my sister?

Jesse: No.

Jane: And you'd better not or I'll have you bobbified. (Jesse cringes) I'm next. (Looks at Daria evilly) Daria, Truth or Dare?

Daria: (to herself) Oh no, My good friend has suddenly turned traitor on me. I hope she realizes she will have to be destroyed for this. (Out loud) Dare.

Jane: Damn!! (thinks for a moment) Daria, I dare you to allow me to show Trent (beat) "The painting".

Daria: (Glares at Jane) (Mumbles) I'll get you for this Lane. (Makes a gesture for Jane to go get it)

Jane: Jesse, upstairs in my closet is a painting covered in a drop cloth. Be a doll and fetch it for me.

Jesse: (Runs upstairs and returns a few minutes later) Is this it?

Jane: That it is. Remind me to give you a treat later. (Jane Pats Jesse on the head then unwraps the painting and shows it to Trent.) What do you think Trent? I call it "What she'd really like...Honestly" (see "windy Travels")

Trent: That's pretty cool Jane. (Looks at Daria and arches an eyebrow while speaking in a purr.) We'll have to try that sometime.

Daria: (blushes Then smiles) Why Jane, I do believe I'm next. (Theme to Jaws fades in) Jane, Truth or Dare?

Jane: Aw hell, you only live once. Truth.

Daria: (grins evilly) Jane Lane, Have you and Jesse ever engaged in the foo foo nasty.

Jane: (proudly) Why yes, Yes we have.

Daria: Well that was disappointing. I was hoping you'd refuse to answer so you could suffer the wrath of the group.

Jane: (chuckles) You wish.

Daria: I DO wish.

Jesse: I Guess that means I'm next. Uh...Trent. Um..I guess I'll take Daria's question and apply it to you. Have you and Daria...umm..you know.

(Daria and Trent blush and exchange a large number of looks as Trent attempts to explain the shower incident)

(Cut to an hour later)

Daria: I think we've taken this game about as far as we can without discussing snoring patterns. (Looks at Jane) RIGHT Jane?

Jane: I do not snore!

Jesse: (looks at Jane and smirks) Yea you do.

Jane: (Smacks Jesse with her good arm)Who's side are you on anyway?

Daria: And on that sound I do believe that's your Que Trent.

Trent: (oblivious) Huh?

Jane: Sing us a song Trent. But none of your's. Let's here something we haven't already been subjected to umpteen trillion times. Sing something out of character for you.

Trent: (scowls) Everyone's a critic. (Thinks for a few minutes then picks his head up with an evil grin) I've got something for you Jane. (Trent strums on his guitar and begins to sing a song called "Asshole" by Dennis Leary) "I'm just a regular joe, with a regular job. I'm your average white suburbanite slob. I like football, and porno, and books about war. I've got an average house with a nice hardwood floor. My wife, My job, My kids, and my car. My feet on my table, and a Cuban cigar." (Trent continues to sing to an amused audience of three)

Daria: (after Trent has finished) Well that was certainly different. Where did you pick that song up at?

Trent: Saw it on HBO comedy hour one time.

Jane: And what other songs have you picked up from cable young man?

Trent: Here's one Daria should like. (Begins to play "We Have No Heads" also by Dennis Leary.)

Daria; Your right. That WAS more my speed.

(Trent continues to play various other songs until everyone begins to fall asleep)

(Cut to late that night)

(The wind is howling outside, the snow is coming down heavy, and the temperature had dropped significantly as predicted)(Daria and Trent are huddled around the fireplace. Jane has managed to fall asleep next to Jesse on the couch after having him steal most of the blankets in the house for her.)

(Trent and Daria are sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace with a sleeping bag wrapped around the two of them that had been salvaged from the tank after it had been totaled.

Trent: (looks at Jane) Her arm is getting pretty swollen, we'll need to get her to a doctor as soon as the roads are clear.

Daria: (shivers briefly) Yea.

Trent: Your pretty quiet Daria, a penny for your thoughts?

Daria: A penny? Your forgetting inflation.

Trent: (smirks and pulls a dollar out of his pocket) How about now?

Daria: I believe that's acceptable. What little nugget of information did you have a particular interest in?

Trent: Whatever is on your mind I guess.

Daria: Such a vague request for an aspiring young musician.

Trent: (Chuckles/ coughs) So...How about it.

Daria: (Shivers briefly) It's nothing much really. Jane, school. I guess for the most part I've been reflecting on the past. All the changes that have occurred in the past four years, Things like that.

Trent: Sounds deep. (Motions for her to continue) Go on, your not getting off that easily.

Daria: (smiles) You really want to hear this stuff?

Trent: (Purrs)You know the answer to that.

Daria: (smiles contentedly) As you wish. (Thinks for a few moments) I guess the most prominent thought on my mind is something my mom mentioned to me earlier.

Trent: Really? What did she say?

Daria: She brought up the fact that you and I seem pretty well off together and asked about our future.(beat) You know... the M word.

Trent: (eyes widen) Whoa! Talk about deep interests.

Daria: Yea, It got me thinking. About us I mean. I'm Wondering if maybe she see's something we don't.

Trent: (thoughtfully) Hmm...Maybe. I wouldn't worry about it to much. Just let the cards fall where they may and everything will probably unfold as it should.

Daria: A firm believer in destiny huh?

Trent: Maybe. Just don't tell Janie. It'll shatter her years of belief that I'm oblivious to EVERYTHING.

Daria: (smiles and leans forward to kiss Trent) Not Everything.

(After a while Daria falls off to dreamland)

Trent: (Smiles at Daria and then reaches under the couch to pull out a small note book that says "Trent's thoughts" and Pen. Then he flips through several pages and begins to write) Dec 18,2000. It's a week before Christmas and I'm sitting here in front of a crackling fire with Daria asleep against my shoulder while a nasty winter storm rages outside. The powers gone, So's the phone. It Kind of makes the

night sort of romantic. The only truly unfortunate thing to happen is Janie took a spill on the walkway while trying to photograph the storm. We're pretty sure she broke her arm. It's swollen up pretty good at this point. The only thing we can do is keep it immobilized until the roads are clear and we can get her to a doctor. It's a good thing we've got a good supply of aspirin or she probably wouldn't have been able to go to sleep. I Can't sleep either which is extremely unusual for me. It'll pass. In the meantime as long as I'm awake I've been trying to put some lyrics to "Daria's Dedication". An Entirely instrumental song I came up with when I performed at the Celebrity Deathmatch intermission. So Far it seems more like a poem rather than a song. Here's what I've got so far..

Through your eyes's I see the world It's Cynical and without depth

Looking past your eye's Looking into your soul I someone poised and dignant

Nonchalant she stands there Concealing her true self Hoping someone will soon arrive And notice the person who waits there

While all have passed her over Pursuing their lives of conformity Never giving a thought to what they have ignored

Through lack of vision they've overlooked a extraordinary thing Never to take a glimpse past the surface They'll never see that which I have seen

A person true to herself waiting behind the sarcasm Waiting behind her razor like wit and an ocean of cynical jokes There stands a beautiful young woman full of life and vigor Whom I've had the pleasure of calling my girlfriend.

(Trent closes the notebook and stashes it back under the couch. Then he closes his eyes and drifts off to sleep himself)

(Trent is awakened in the morning by Daria to discover that the storm has subsided and the road is partially plowed. They all pile into Daria's escort and brave an extremely slow drive to Daria's house where Helen Uses her SUV with it's four wheel drive and makes a slow trek to the hospital to Jane's arm set and placed in a cast)

(Cut to later that day)

(The four Darians plus Helen Arrive back at the Lane's)

Daria: You couldn't have picked a better color for your cast then purple?

Jane: I like purple. Besides..It stands out from my outfit.

Daria: (deadpan) I guess.

Jane: There's just one more thing we have to take care of. (Hands Helen her Polaroid) Mrs. Morgendorffer, could you take a picture of the four of us? Just watch out for the walkway. It's a touch on the slick side.

Helen: I don't see why not. (All get out of the car)

Jane: A night like that isn't complete without a group photo.

Daria: Great just what I need, something else for my mom to reflect on

(The four stand in a row in front of the Lane house)

Helen: Say cheese.

All four: Sick sad world (Just before Helen snaps the picture Trent gives Daria a hug from behind and Jane whitewashes Jesse)

(Show the picture after it develops)

Jane: It's a keeper Daria

Daria: (Hugs Trent) So he is.

ROLL ENDING CREDITS:

"Crazy" by Aerosmith plays in the background as alter egos of the character's are displayed

Note: Yes, car tag is in fact a game. It is best played with more than four vehicles and CB radios. To my knowledge however it seems to be indigenous to the pine barrens area.

Any comments or Ideas for a fanfic may be sent to
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End
file.